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We must not, however, forget, before we bid farewell to Egypt and its magnificent river, that if it present objects for antiquarian research, it is not destitute of interest as to matters of comparatively modern date. The battle of Aboukir may serve as a solitary specimen of the military achievements which stand connected with its recent history. It is more pleasing, however, to dwell on the prospects of its improvement, than to recal transactions that have dyed its plains with blood. Its late Pacha has done much for Egypt; and, amidst many traces of its misery and degradation, some slight indications of a movement towards a better state of things may almost every where be discovered. Egypt, the oldest of kingdoms, will probably once more raise her head among the nations of the earth. Her Nile may yet again pour fertility over her plains; and convey unnumbered benefits in the train of commerce into the interior of the vast continent of which it may be regarded as the key. The Copt may rise from his fetters and his thralldom; the Nubian wash away his filth and be ashamed of his licentiousness; and the Abyssinian enjoy the blessings of Christianity as well as its name. Should this be the result of European researches, the labours of a Bruce may, after all, not prove utterly useless; and the discovery of the sources of the Nile may form the commencement of a golden era in the history of these regions of Africa. We hope we shall be forgiven by those who regard such anticipations as visionary and chimerical. If they be but a dream, it is yet pleasant even to *dream* of a day when the most wretched and degraded of our kind shall be visited by the genius of universal emancipation, and “when—no matter in what language his doom may have been pronounced—no matter what complexion incompatible with freedom, an Indian or an African sun may have burned upon him—no matter in what disastrous battle his liberty may have been cloven down—no matter with what solemnities he may have been devoted upon the altar of slavery;—the altar and the god shall sink together in the dust—his soul walk abroad in its own majesty—his body swell beyond the measure of his chains, that burst from around him, and he stand redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled by the irresistible genius of universal emancipation.”*

CONMAR.

He rushed to the field and his helmet's dark plume
 Triumphantly waved in the air;
 And that brow which a joy-smile could scarcely illumine
 Was bent by the fiercest expression of gloom,
 Revenge reign'd predominant there.
 And proudly his war courser dashed o'er the plain,
 As wild as the white-crested wave—
 He foamed with impatience, he struggled in vain,
 And seemed as if sharing the haughty disdain
 Of Conmar the fearless and brave.
 The alien of the chieftain was graceful—to hear
 The clang of the bright-flashing steel
 Was the music he loved; it fell light on his ear,
 And he cried, as he brandished his gore-crimson'd spear,
 “The foeman my vengeance shall feel.”

• Curran.

As the mountain blast swift thro' the battle he flew,

Destruction and death in his train—

The war-fiend his trumpet exultingly blew,

And feasted his blood-loving eyes with the view

Of the vanquished who lay on the plain.

And loud was the din of the deep pealing gun

That scattered the foe in its ire ;—

Helmets and banners gleamed bright as the sun,

When he flings his young rays as his course is begun,

And gilds the broad landscape with fire.

The warrior had gazed on his vassals of might,

The valiant, the wild, and the rude ;

As they swept torrent-like o'er the field—a faint light

Shone round his dark features ; he sprang thro' the fight

And fell, nobly fell—unsubdued.

He writhed not—he spoke not—but from his sunk eye

Dashed off a bright spot of his gore ;

He heard a shout, wild as the Indian war-cry

'Twas victory ; his mailed arm he raised up on high,

And the chief of his clan was no more.

Lisburn, 1831.

H.

PROFESSIONAL SKETCHES, No. III.—SIR HENRY HALFORD.

If we had a regular series of the lives of court physicians from Linacre, down to Sir Henry Halford, we should have no mean picture of the manners of the respective periods in which those worthies lived. The nation takes its tone so much from that of the court, or the court from that of the nation—we care not which—that it is generally admitted that in the manners of the distinguished persons who figure around the throne, we are to seek for the concentrated essence of the manners of the age. Another picture which we should have, would be that of the progress of medical science—its gradual advances in public estimation, and the close and mutually beneficial connection which has existed between it and literature, up to the present day, even from the revival of letters in Great Britain. *Linacre*, whose name should always hold the highest place in such a series, was engaged at the court of Henry VIII, not only as physician in ordinary to his majesty, but as preceptor in languages to the junior members of the royal family, and to some of the more illustrious scions of the nobility. His latter years too were considerably devoted, even while president of the College of Physicians, of which he was the founder, to the exercise of his functions as a divine—for he was in orders during the last sixteen years of his life. *Gilbert*, the principal physician in ordinary to Queen Elizabeth, was occupied during his leisure moments with the pursuit of philosophical experiments—those which are so well known, relative to the magnet, in which he was assisted by a pension from the Queen: this, by the way, is a circumstance which we should not omit to mention, in these days of *discouragement* to men of science ; it merits well to be recorded to her majesty's honour—the more so, as she is not famed for having been remarkably liberal of her pecuniary favours for the encouragement of the many eminent men who flourished in her period. *Sir Theodore Turquet de Mayerne*, who was famous in the two succeeding reigns, and held the highest rank in his day, as a learned physician, deservedly entrusted with the immediate